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THE SMALL BORES

Some of the feverish critics of the Shipping Board are still raving over the trial junket of the Leviathan. There was talk of an injunction to prevent the huge vessel from undertaking her initial journey. There is still a prospect of a Congressional investigation some time in the misty future. Members of Congress are quite capable of spending \$20,000 to investigate a charge that the Shipping Board had spent \$12,000 in the entertainment of guests on the big boat. Because of the failure of Congress to extend any support to a merchant marine and because of exacting shipping laws the nation is driving American activity from the seas. The government itself must take up the burden.

The nation has a lot of ships on hand and is called upon to operate them in competition with the fleets of other countries. The Leviathan cost something like \$25,000,000 in the original package and the government has spent \$8,000,000 to recondition her. For her trial trip some 500 or 600 guests were bidden. It costs the Shipping Board \$10,000 or \$15,000 to entertain them, but instantly a group of petty politicians raise their voices in blatant protest against this extravagance. During the war the nation spent billions without a quiver—many millions of the total being reckless waste. But now on an investment of a few thousands by the Shipping Board there are alarmists enough to wake the dead.

The Leviathan is a dry ship on a wet ocean. She must compete with the popular liners of England and France. She

needs advertising just as if she were being operated by a private corporation. On her first flyer under the American flag she had on board a distinguished company. There were numbers of eminent correspondents and trained men of letters. The Leviathan has had publicity that any business man would be glad to pay \$150,000 to acquire. She needs all the advertising she can get and the Shipping Board managers have been able to gain a wonderful amount of it at a minimum of cost. Even the foamy emanations of the Congressional critics swell the volume of advertising without the politicians realizing the fact. The Shipping Board would complacently grin in the face of an investigation which would merely add to the publicity.—Los Angeles Times.

The Times writer is conservative in his statements. The United States is committed to the running of ships. She has the ships and she cannot sell them for private ownership for the present—

And she must run them or let them rot.

The Leviathan carried 200,000 American "doughboys" safely across the ocean—

And the sentiment that surrounds the giant of the seas ought to help some in her favor.

But, since Uncle Sam has her, and must run her, the thing to do is to make her pay if possible; and she can be made to pay only with full passenger lists and cargoes—

And the way to get them is to advertise for them; to advertise in every legitimate and economical way known to modern business.

It would be better if the United States had an adequate American merchant marine in private hands; but until this can be consummated, the only thing left is to have the government operate her ships, and to get all the business possible, and to make them pay if this can be done.

The flax crop is not going to be allowed to go to waste. If the flax cannot be pulled by machinery—and the writer is not saying this may not be done—it must and will be pulled by hand.

Every little bit helps. The proposition of H. H. Haynes, live and hustling business man, will take care of a lot of the loganberries. May be there will not be a great tonnage of the berries still fit to pick to go to waste, after all.

FUTURE DATES

July 14, Saturday—Spanish American war veterans convention at Albany.

August 1 to 29—Annual encampment of Boy Scouts at Cascadia.

September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair.

Wanted, by the hay farmers, more hands. See the Y. M. C. A. employment bureau.

The Salem packers are expecting a crop of stringless beans twice as large as the one of last year. And the pack of last year was not a small one.

It is predicted that President Harding will be renominated. Which is our idea of the obvious.—Los Angeles Times.

After years spent in making a survey of the value of the railroads in this country the interstate commerce commission finds there is no water therein. This makes it just a bit tough for Robert Marion La Follette who is counting on the railroad issue in 1924.

The time to stop forest fires is before they begin. Campers who will not be careful ought to be made to be sorry.

Senator Arthur Capper, leader of the farm bloc in the upper house, says the production of wheat must be cut, and the United States must raise more products for which the world will pay higher prices. If the United States will produce all its own sugar, and the flax and hemp for its linens and coarser fabrics, and all its own wool, and a lot of other things that are possible of production in this country, the wheat acreage will not need to be cut down. A home market will be provided for all our wheat—in fact, a shortage will be created if our country will live up to its possibilities in diversification and manufacturing.

The New York Times wants to know how much of the present confusion, vagueness, disgruntlement and division of parties is due to the direct primary. Making a rough guess, we would say that in this part of the world approximately 99 per cent.—Detroit Free Press.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

A famous old tavern in Massachusetts, established in 1771, has gone out of business. "Prohibition hit us," the proprietor explains. But taverns are not the only places that have experienced a slump in business since "prohibition hit us," remarks the Lawrence Journal-World. In the east a number of jails, workhouses and poorhouses are feeling the effects.—Kansas City Star.

THE BIG MONEY

The New York Central road figures up that the system has in its time paid more than \$1,500,000,000 in taxes for every dollar used in dividends. The average man would roar if his taxes had always been 50 per cent more than his net income, but people who think the railroads have been running the country will revise their opinions.

HOW TO LIVE

The head of the American Institute of Homeopathy says that it is a crime for anybody to die under 75 years of age. He also says that it is mainly Americans who die of cancer, pneumonia and some other ailments. People who live next to nature and eat simple foods do not fall under these diseases. We are the victims of overwork or overrest; of unbalanced exercise, of unintelligent dieting and careless living. Deaths from preventable causes are greater than those of war. It is time that the rank and file should be fully informed of the achieve-

ments of science and what it can do for their ills. That is what the president of the institute says. Possibly the homeopathic doctors will arrange to do this much for us. Maybe we can begin by arresting as a criminal every man who dies under the age of 75 years.—Exchange.

EXTREMES

James H. Scarr, New York's crack weather forecaster, says California harbors the hottest spot on earth (Death Valley) the region of heaviest snowfalls (High Sierras) and a region wherein perpetual springtime prevails (locality unnecessary to mention).

Greenland Ranch, Death Valley, holds the record for heat—134 in the shade. Insure your cars before motoring into Death valley, for gasoline boils at 122 degrees Fahrenheit. Last winter in the Huntington Lake region, High Sierras, thirty-eight feet of snow fell.

Mr. Scarr says that among the great cities of the country the average monthly temperature during a year is lowest in San Francisco, the monthly average for winter being 50 degrees and for summer 89 degrees.

He names Los Angeles as the driest big city in the United States. One should remember, however, that the subject under consideration is weather, not prohibition.—Los Angeles Times.

SOCIAL JEALOUSIES

About half of the embroilments of society are inspired by small jealousies. Questions of social precedence have wrecked not only individual careers, but whole kingdoms. Vanity has prompted many a tragedy. Old-timers will remember the scandal at King Arthur's Christmas dinner, when knights and ladies quarreled for the high seats. They got to hurling harpoons at one another until the place looked like the operating room at the Chicago stockyards. It was a regular shambles and the best blood of the kingdom was wasted. Arthur himself got so hot about it that he started a reprisal. He sent most of the survivors and their kinsmen to the block. Not only that, but he cut off the noses of the dames and damsels who were mixed up in the affair. This is where the expression to "cut off the nose to spite the face" had its origin, for some of the beakless dowagers certainly found that spite had been visited upon their faces. As a further result of this bloody entanglement Arthur sent for the best cabinet-maker in London and had a huge dining table built in the form of a circle. This became famous in history as King Arthur's round table at which his knights assembled night after night.

The table being round there could be no place of honor and the only precedence shown would be in favor of the one who happened to sit at the right of the chair in which His Majesty bulked himself. After that there were no quarrels over precedence in King Arthur's court, except that Sir Launcelot appeared to have something of a crush on Queen Guinevere. But social jealousies should be avoided. They leave a sting that is entirely out of proportion to their importance.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Hurrah for H. H. Haynes!
 He has an idea, and it will be put over.

He will help make the loganberry the great pie berry, along with the evergreen blackberry.

When the loganberry goes over as the pie berry, the Willamette valley will not be able to produce enough of them.

There is in fact only one thing in the world as good as a piece of loganberry pie, properly made—and that is another piece of loganberry pie.

The principle is all right, and the flax pulling machines may help a lot, this year. But the flax is going to be all pulled, by hand or by the machines.

The men in charge of the hospital drive look like they will be able to put it over—or put everybody in condition to go to the hospital.

A little warm for some of us—but the hay makers are not complaining.

Gossip in a woman becomes slander in a man.

Anybody may fall in love—but he generally gets up.

Amundsen has delayed his flight to the pole but he knows it will be there waiting for him whenever he wants it.

Blind love can never see its finish.

HER LIMIT

Esther was much interested in fashions, and continually pored over the fashion magazines. When she was to have a new dress she had remarkably clear ideas how she wanted it made.

One day a friend said to her: "Why, Esther, can you make your own clothes?"

"No," she answered thoughtfully. "I can make up their looks, but I never do the sew on them."

'FATTY' AGAIN MAKING THE WORLD LAUGH.



"Fatty" Arbuckle, film comedian, was accorded a warm welcome in Chicago, where he appeared on the stage. While Fatty's stage partner plays "Yes We Have No Bananas," Fatty engages in some business that causes pealing laughter. He expects to reach Broadway in a comedy early next spring and seems to have departed from the screen forever.

Punctuality Now Marks Train Service in Italy

ROME, July 13.—The spirit of discipline which the Mussolini government brought in with it is no more concretely illustrated than on the railroads and in the telegraph service of Italy. Italian trains are now run on time—one can even set ones watch by them—and the time of transmission on internal and foreign telegrams has been reduced to one-fourth of what it was before the advent of Italy's young dictator to power.

The Italian crack trains on the main trunk lines cover their distances with minute precision and according to schedule. The Rome-Milan expresses leave and arrive on the second. The Rome-Naples trains are equally on schedule, while the service between Genoa and Trieste, through Milan and Venice, also records the same punctuality.

Special policemen do services on all the lines, and are present on trains to prevent theft or disorder.

There would be fewer marriages in this country if the happy sweetheart could see him after he had gone a week without shaving.



The Boys and Girls Newspaper

The Biggest Little Paper in the World
 Edited by John M. Miller.

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Lessons Champion Swimmers Learn



Getting the Right Start

(This is the first of a series of eight articles by Pierson L. Maxwell, a swimming expert who has taught boys and girls to swim at municipal beaches, ocean beaches and private pools. Mr. Maxwell has been a life-guard and a racing swimmer for a number of years. He knows what he is talking about when it comes to swimming. Clip these articles and follow them if you want to become a good swimmer.)

This set of articles will teach you not only how to swim, but how to swim right, the way the great racing swimmers of the world swim today. Of course, any way of swimming which will keep you on top of the water and will furnish you with amusement is a good way to swim, but with a little work, which is sport in itself, you can learn to be a really good swimmer.

Learn to Float

The first step to take up is to learn how to do the "dead man's float." Get into a pool or swimming hole, not deeper than your waist. Back up to the wall of the pool and put one foot against this wall. Place your arms out in front of your body, crouch down, put your head in the water, and shove with the foot which is against the wall. Keep your head under water.

If you follow these directions, your body will be floating easily on the surface of the water, face down. When you are tired of holding your breath, come up by throwing the head into the air and the hands at the sides, doubling the knees into the body. During this dead man's float, there must not be any motion.

(Next Week: "The Leg Kick.")

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

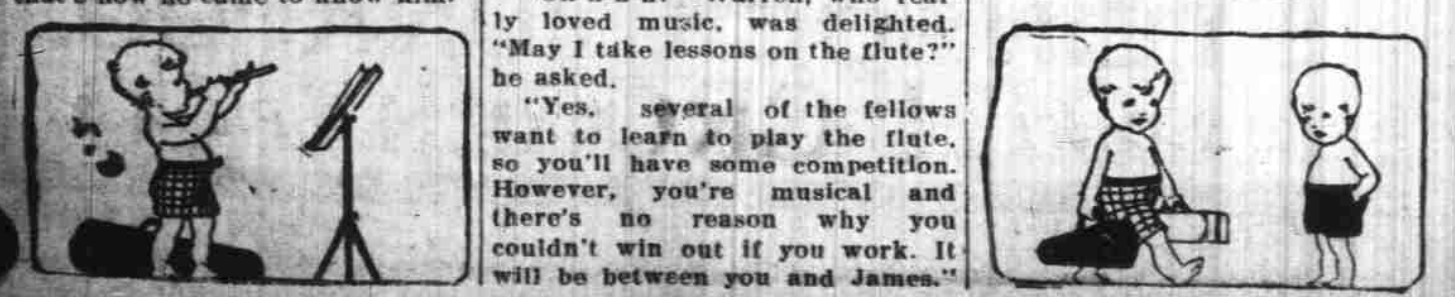
JIM'S LUCK

Warren said Jim had "good luck." So often a goldmine he struck. Nor thought, when he said it, that Jim should have credit. For patience, persistence, and pluck.

"Oh, it's just Jim's luck. He surely is the luckiest thing," Warren sighed with longing. "I wish I were lucky like he is." The other boys all nodded.

"Do you know what the latest is? Old Judge Anderson has given him his son's violin." This time Warren actually groaned with his desire for such luck. "I've wanted one all my life. Gee, I'd give my head for one, and here Mr. Anderson just goes and hands one out to Jim. How do you suppose he ever happened to give it to him? It's just Jim's luck!"

"Jim mows his lawn for him; that's how he came to know him."



WHAT FIVE RHYMING WORDS ARE PICTURED HERE?



Answer to today's picture puzzle: The five rhyming words pictured are: Sow, row, hoe, crow, bow.

"James? But he has a violin now."

"Oh, you heard about the violin he got, did you? It is a fine one. However, it seems that he has always had a desire to learn to play the flute and now that such a good chance has come he is determined to take advantage of it. He wants to learn to play both."

"There's no use for me to try if he's going to. He always gets everything he wants and more, too. Just think of him getting that violin given to him. He surely is the luckiest thing."

But the next week both the boys started their lessons. Scarcely a week had passed before Warren had become tired of them and given them up. But James plodded along at the lessons and when the exams were given he won the flute.

"You surely are the luckiest thing," Warren sighed.

